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SPAGHETTI WESTERN

A beckoning sunrise casts
A thin pallor
Over the sleepy town.
He walks into the
Bus terminal,
Passing
Rows of wooden seats.
Good/bad/indifferent.
Blue
Monday.
Looking downward
He sees last Friday's trash
Crushed on
The cracked concrete,
Styrofoam burger coffins and
Milkshake cylinders.
He sticks a smoke in his
Mug.
Sound of the Bic lighter
Reverberates
In the tense morning twilight,
Bouncing off the grimy wall or
Two.
Shadows flicker.
New kid in town.
The ones waiting for buses watch
As he passes,
Expressions scornful or surprised.
Curiosity just kills those cats.

Joseph Verrilli
115 Washington Ave./GH
Bridgeport, CT 06604-3829, USA

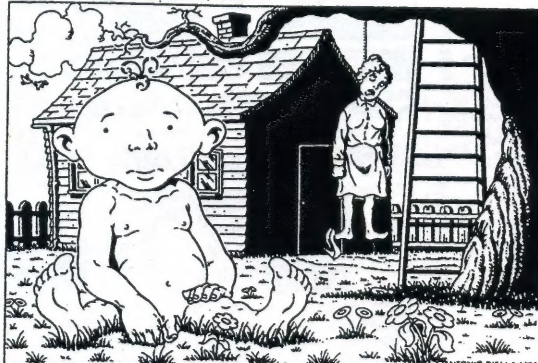
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February is
the crookedest month

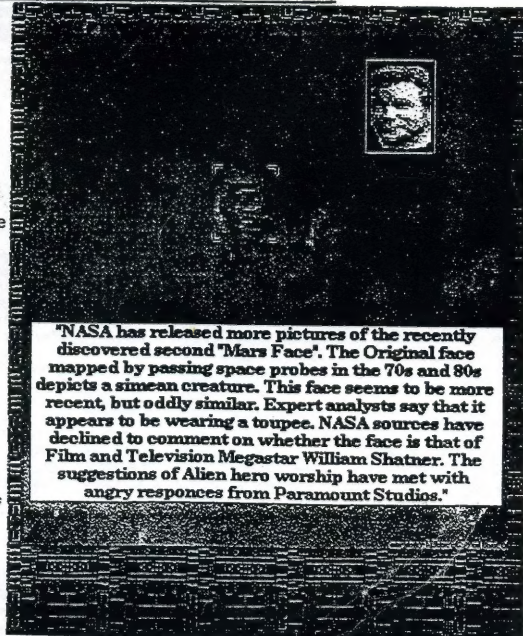
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recent, but oddly similar. Expert analysts say that it
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HEARTTHROB

I don't look at movie magazines or write silly fan letters, and I refuse to make a fool of myself, but I do love Keanu Reeves. The first time I saw him I was sitting in a movie theatre on La Brea Avenue catching a matinee. I watched him walk in. Alone. Wearing a jean jacket and baseball hat. I'm sure I caught his eye. After the movie, I followed him to the bathroom where he stood at the urinal, but before I could talk to him, eleven other guys burst through the door pushing me against the sinks. I chipped a front tooth and cut my lip. The second time I saw Keanu Reeves I was walking down Rose Avenue in Venice Beach while they were filming a scene from "SPEED". As I carefully stepped over electrical cords running along the sidewalk, he walked right past me wearing a brown t-shirt, jeans and boots, carrying a styrofoam coffee cup. I'm sure he smiled. I think he remembered me from the bathroom. The third time I saw Keanu Reeves I was having coffee at The Living Room on La Brea Avenue. He ordered a cappuccino and a chocolate chip cookie then went upstairs, two steps at a time, to play pool. I bought him another cappuccino but I spilled it on the floor and it splashed on his helmet. The fourth time I saw Keanu Reeves, he strode into MAXX bar, ordered a bottle of beer, stood at the bar to drink it, and looked around the crowded room. I waved. I'm sure he saw me. Then he left. The fifth time I saw Keanu Reeves, he almost ran over me in the crosswalk at Sunset and Laurel. His 1972 Norton 850 Commando motorcycle missed me by inches. I'm sure he smiled. I think he remembered me from MAXX.

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Void till end of May '98

THE NOTE by Colin Cross

The note, pushed under the cubicle wall, on a scruffy scrap of paper, read "Kneel down".

Now, as Simon Young lay desperately ill in his hospital bed nearly thirty years later, in the final throes of AIDS, he thought about the note.

He had entered the toilets in the local market place, having been taken short on the way home from school. He was just fifteen and still unsure of his own sexuality.

Maybe, his classmates at school had more of an idea than he did. Certainly they thought of him as "different".

Simon had been a tall, gangly youth with thick black rimmed spectacles and a slight stutter. The stutter however, would miraculously disappear when he acted. And he was already becoming a fine actor. Putting on his own one man shows - which some of his classmates would always attend - and also playing juvenile leads with the cities' amateur dramatic company. It was a natural extension of this that saw him go on to earn his living in the theatre: first as an actor and then as a writer and director.

Although the other boys in his class considered him different to them, he was popular. He would often have them in fits of laughter during lessons with an impromptu burst of a current pop song, in the style in which he had once heard Peter Sellers perform a Beatles song. Other times he might answer a maths question he didn't know the answer to with a long sigh and "oh for the wings for the wings of a dove". Or else entertain his colleagues by writing fake problems to agony aunts of womens magazines and reading them out in class before sending them off. "Every time my boyfriend kisses me I feel something hard sticking into my leg. Is this natural or is there something wrong with him?"

His imagination as a writer had also enabled him to forge a doctors note dismissing him from all games and gym. Sighting the reason as possible mental trauma that could be caused by colleagues seeing his deformed feet. He had, in fact been born with only four toes on one foot. Therefore, he took no part in the lunchtime football games of his classmates. Actually, when they were all playing football he was quite happy. It was when they weren't, and were standing around bored by the school wall that he made himself scarce. For then it would be only a matter of time before someone yelled, "Let's have a Young hunt."

It didn't really matter where he hid, they would always find him. Even if he hid in the school toilets, one of them would climb over the top of the next cubicle and unlock the door; and then his humiliation would begin.

Seven or eight of them would grab hold of him and drag, or half carry, him kicking and screaming to the bottom of the school field. Out of sight among the bushes behind the huge pile where all the leftover school dinners were dumped. Once they got him there, they would lay him on the grass and four would kneel on him - one on each arm and leg - pinning him down, while one of the others would undo his trousers and pull out his cock.

Sometimes, when he didn't respond straightaway, they would show him pictures of naked women - which didn't really excite him - but more than often this was not necessary. For despite the humiliation of it all, he actually quite enjoyed what they did to him. There was something about the roughness of it all, as the hand jerked him furiously to ejaculation - despite himself.

In fact, the thing he feared and hated most of all was his best friend Donaldson being there to witness the event. "Oh my God, don't let Donaldson see", he would shriek wildly as his member was whipped from his underpants. He had never been able to understand why Donaldson, who was of similar character to himself, was not picked on like he was - or indeed why Donaldson never defended him. But, perhaps most disturbing of all was that, try as he might, he could not comprehend why he was so terrified or embarrassed about Donaldson seeing his erect penis: when he had no such feelings regarding any of the other boys.

When he had been the receiver of the note saying "Kneel down" he had of course told the boys in his class all about it the following morning before assembly. Using all his dramatic skills to put the event across as as humorously as possible. Waving his arms about, he told them in a broad Yorkshire accent how "disgusted, shocked and ashamed" he was. "A filthy dirty little piece of paper it were. "Kneel down" it said". What he didn't tell them though, was whether or not he did.

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AN ANARCHIST DEFENCE OF PORNOGRAPHY

Pornography continues to be a controversial issue, including among anarchists, whom one might expect to be among the strongest supporters of free sexual expression. However, many anarchists have criticized pornography and some have supported and/or participated in the anti-pornography movement, the members of which not infrequently strive to prevent those wishing to view pornography from doing so. Some anarchists in Canada even went so far as to firebomb a sex video store, an activity which many other anarchists either ignored or chose not to criticize. Meanwhile, those of us who defend porn and freedom of expression, sexual or otherwise, are dismissed as sexists and reactionaries. Why is it that supposed lovers of freedom and sexual liberation seem to forget their principles when it comes to sexually explicit literature and pictures?

The anti-pornography movement, including its anarchist members and supporters, is not monolithic. Some dislike dirty books and movies, but support people's freedom to produce and consume such material. They rely on argument and protest in an attempt to change the attitudes of those who like porn, encouraging them to refrain from indulging in it, and do not support censorship. Others, again including some anarchists, feel that physical attacks on porn stores or government mandated censorship are acceptable tactics in the fight against porn. While only the latter position is censorious, and therefore unanarchic, the former position, which is contemptuous of depictions of sex is also problematic in a movement which purportedly favors sexual freedom.

Pornography is simply a depiction, in words or pictures, of sexual activity. Most people find sex a good, pleasurable activity and looking at pornography is sexually arousing for many people. Anti-porn people frequently say that the images of women in porn are degrading and offensive to women. However, while some women certainly are offended by pornographic images they find degrading, other women enjoy pornography. While the anti-porn movement views women as a class, who all share the same goals and desires, women are not a mass of automatons who all think and feel alike; some are pro-porn and some are anti-porn, just like men. Additionally, the images of women in porn are no more sexist and demeaning towards women than the images of women in most literature and visual media, from novels to movies to TV to magazine ads. In a sexist society, most images of women are going to contain at least some of the sexist attitudes common to both women and men. Besides, some porn contains women characters who are very independent, self motivated and concerned with their own pleasure, especially in S/M porn where women are frequently on top. What bothers these people is not the image of women in porn, which is like that elsewhere in society, but it's sexual explicitness; they are uncomfortable with sex.

Anti-porn activists also claim that porn, with its allegedly degrading view of women is responsible for the attitudes and actions of men towards women, and therefore is different from other forms of expression. But, as with other types of writing and pictures, porn generally shows what people want to see and are comfortable with; it doesn't plant foreign ideas in people's minds, and, even in the few cases where novel ideas are introduced to people in porn, they remain just that, ideas. Men do not rape or beat women because they see it in a movie. Sexism, rape, and beatings of women by their partners existed long before the widespread dissemination of modern porn, and societies with little or no porn are no less sexist and violent than those where it is common.

The claim that men are made violent by porn, besides being inaccurate, is also based on a myth: that most porn is violent. Most porn is composed of depictions of non-violent, consensual, mutually pleasurable sex. Some of it also contains S/M sex, which, while including the trappings of violence, and involving (apparent) pain, is also consensual and mutually pleasurable. There is certainly some porn which depicts rape or other coercive and violent sex, but it is a small portion of the porn produced and consumed. Moreover, like violent non-sexual movies and books, it is simply a depiction of a fantasy, made up by the author, or performed by consenting

actors. Violent porn is no more real violence than are the Halloween movies. And if anti-porn people are truly concerned about the violence and not the sex in porn, why is it that they protest only porn shops or destroy porn mags and video stores, while ignoring Friday the 13th and horror mags and books.

One aspect of the whole phenomenon of porn that is often left out of the discussion is that of homosexual porn. Much of the pornography produced today shows men having sex with men, with a growing proportion depicting woman-woman sex. The anti-porners tend to ignore homoporn because it gives the lie to many of their arguments. If depictions of inequitable sexual encounters between men and women are degrading to women, why aren't similarly inequitable encounters between men and other men (which are very common in all-male porn, with it's tops and bottoms) degrading to men? And if they are degrading to men, why isn't such porn offensive to men, especially bottom men? And, if there is S/M imagery and (pretend) violence in this porn, why doesn't this result in widespread violence against men, and even rapes of men?

A discussion of such issues never takes place, since most of the people who oppose heteroporn are unwilling to talk about, let alone criticize, queer porn because they do not want to risk being seen as "homophobic" or otherwise politically incorrect. This is due to the fact that porn has often been seen, rightly, as liberatory by homosexualist men (and recently also by some homosexualist women), and is a much more open part of mainstream life for queer men than heteroporn is in straight society. Because of this "politicization" of queer porn, any discussion of homoporn by the anti-porners, few of whom are homosexualist men, is likely to be criticized by gay liberationists as "anti-gay", and thus effectively suppressed. This is unfortunate, since such a discussion would show the fallacies in the anti-porn arguments.

Even though it seems odd that sexual liberationists and anarchists would fine porn offensive, it is certainly true that people have different tastes. Just because I like porn doesn't mean that you should. But, if one finds something offensive, one should simply avoid it, and thereby avoid the offense. However, anti-porners are not content with this strategy when it comes to porn. They feel that if it offends them, it must offend others, primarily women, and they take it upon themselves to protect these others from it. Additionally, since they feel it leads otherwise non-violent, women-loving men onto the path of violence and sexism, they feel they need to prevent men from seeing porn as well.

As stated above, anti-porners differ on the strategy they employ to achieve these ends. While those who rely on argument and protest to influence others to avoid porn are preferable to the censors, their ideas about people should be problematic for those with an anarchist perspective. People are free agents who make choices and decisions based on what they observe, hear, and otherwise experience, and are responsible for the outcome of these choices. The libertarian way to deal with other free agents who choose to view or read materials of which one disapproves is to let them see these books or movies and then discuss the material with them and try to convince them of one's point of view. The issue should be debated in a free marketplace of ideas, a marketplace where all should feel free to view the images or writings under discussion, not simply taking the word of the puritans that porn contains degrading or harmful images or words. People who pressure porn dealers to stop distributing porn, and who encourage others to avoid porn based on someone else's experience of it, while engaging in a non-coercive, and therefore acceptable form of activity, do not respect the decision-making ability of others. Nor do they trust the strength of their own arguments when up against a person's own experience of pornography. Such people feel that others need to be protected by those more enlightened, i.e., the anti-porn people. Urging others to restrict their experience and rely on the opinions of others in such matters as reading and viewing preferences, including the reading and viewing of porn, while not unanarchic, is certainly illiberal.

More objectionable to anarchists, however, are the anti-porn activists who are frankly

censorious. While we have not come across any anarchists who endorse laws banning porn, many anarchists support destruction of the property of porn dealers. Destruction of films and books which some people wish to sell to others who voluntarily seek to buy them is just as much censorship as any anti-obscenity law. While sharing the views of the other anti-porners who seek to protect others from porn, these people go a step further and use coercive force to achieve their ends. This is totally incompatible with the kind of voluntary society sought by most anarchists, and should be denounced by all freedom-lovers.

Pornography, like any other form of entertainment can be good or bad, based on the individual merits of any particular work. However, as a genre of literature or film, it is no better or worse or good or evil than any other. If porn is bad or sexist, the best strategy is to criticize it and discuss it with others, and/or make good, non-sexist porn, not suppress it. Sex and it's depiction are a source of pleasure for many and our freedom to indulge in both should be defended, or at least tolerated, by anarchists. Censors, including those who claim to be anarchists, are the enemies of freedom, and anarchists who support them call into question their commitment to a free society.

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address: TOMASZ AUGUSTYN
PO BOX 1234
50-986 WROCLAW 44
POLAND

Serialkiller/
massmurderer
I'm desperately looking for contributions
(music, artwork, articles, opinions...) dealing
with this theme in a more or less intelligent
way. No sense in glory/ying and creating
fan-clubs of bodycount-celebrities...
The result should be a concept tape &
booklet on this theme. Up until now I have
stuff from Aerosmith, Tube, Yngwie, M.
Nomized, Sound Concept, Crooked Corps.
Lasse Marhaug...
also looking for contribution into the theme
SELF-Reflection (how I see myself
as member of a network) - also music,
drawings, whatever. Some of the stuff will
hopefully be shown in a exhibition, some-
where & where in the future.
I'm also interested in make up/collaboration
tapes with experimental music-net-
workers.
Get in contact with: Pille Weibel,
POBox 5037, 6002 Luzern,
Switzerland.
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POBox 5037, 6002 Luzern, Switzerland, or
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just to order consumer-stuff! (June 97)

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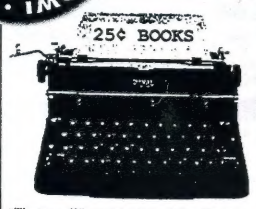
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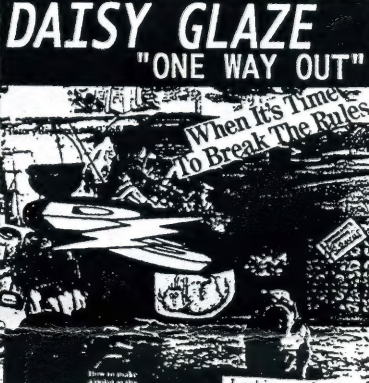
"If home is where the heart is, then my heart is spread out in little bits all over the
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Mark Hettis, "Home"

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LOSER



America the
By: Norman J. Olson

Lights glint off the window and
cords dangle from the
ceiling. Kneeling in the ragged
light of grey, old stones
the slacker stubs out his
cigarette and gets up to do a little work.

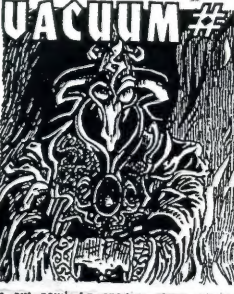
Law books are stacked in the library (and
may as well remain for all the good they
do) while war is raging in the Ghettos of
once Oz-like cities.

Moving mountains and killing off eagles, fat,
white bureaucrats congest the mind of
the land. Old stones stare uncomprehending at the
banker's vest.

Can a daisy feel despair over the ruin of the shoelace dawn. Why
not give the fat devils room to play
amid the burned out buildings and the transvestites with stilette heels?
Why not log off the white pine forests of Norther Wisconsin in 1985?

The priest is dancing and taking pot-shots at the morning Children
feel the heft of a pistol. A sad girl with curly hair and pail,
almost transparent skin doesn't laugh much and the middle
aged man who bosses her around thinks she has the hots for him. He could not
more
mistaken if he said that the white pine forests would return
replete with eagles.

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